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The Bully



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Chapter 1 by MDC

Bullying is fun!!!! There is so much in the media about poor little bully boy having a broken family and a broken home and all the bully needs is a hug and everything will be ok. Well that isn't the case with me and it isn't the case with the people I hang around with. My parents are still together and still love each other I have a slightly older sister who is at college and life is good. I am good at school, I want a decent education as I want to be a botanist when I am older not that anyone knows that. I bully because bullying is fun. Seeing someone looking up at you bleeding and crying their eyes out, knowing that you can either stop or make it worse for them gives me such a sense of power, it's great. I rarely stop when they cry, in fact I start screaming at them and get someone to pick them up so I can punch them more easily. They deserve it.

Picking out a client to bully is the hard part. It's a long term commitment; you are making this persons life hell before school, between lessons, every break, after school and on social media. They have to be weak enough that you know you can beat them up single handily but strong enough that you can keep pushing without them doing something stupid. I remember when we first saw David. He was actually quite popular at school but I saw potential. He never dated, always hung around other boys and I found out he liked Star Trek. Gay and a sci-fi freak. His popularity in school was a slight problem but nothing I couldn't handle and it also meant he had the emotional strength to handle what was coming his way for a while. So I started hanging around with him a bit. I told him I was sick and tired of hanging around with my group and sick and tired of the violence that surrounded being in that group. I even got my own friends to beat him and me up on the way home from school one day. Being on the receiving end of eight people who just want to beat you up is scary. I am glad that I am usually the ninth. All this gained his

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word for it when I said that we should take a look. And in that alleyway were my real friends waiting to strike.

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